Jones Coll. House Library
March 2.
11630.d.14
9

# THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEAR.

## A POETICAL VISION.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq;

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall. 1755.

[ Price Six-pence. ]

# TOM B

OF

# [illegible]SHAKESPEAR.

A

## POETICAL VISION.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq;



[illegible]

Printed for R. and [illegible]BY, in Fall-mall, 1755.

[ Price Six-pence. ]

# THE TOMB OF *SHAKESPEAR.*

## A POETICAL VISION.

WHAT time the jocund roſie-boſom'd HOURS
Led forth the train of PHOEBUS and the SPRING,
And ZEPHYR mild profuſely ſcatter'd flowers,
On Earth's green mantle from his muſky wing,

The MORN unbarr'd th' ambroſial gates of light,
Weſtward the raven-pinion'd Darkneſs flew,
The Landſcape ſmil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the ſullen Ghoſts withdrew:

Done had the nightingale to ſwell her throat
With love-lorn lays trill'd tremuloufly flow,
And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe:

Then

Then ſportive dreams myſterious viſions led
O'er the charm'd optics of the mental eye,
Or my free'd ſoul awhile her manſion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Thro' fields of air, methought, I took my flight,
O'er ev'ry region of the globe I paſs'd,
No paradiſe or ruin 'ſcap'd my ſight,
HESPERIAN garden or CIMMERIAN waſte.

I lit on AVON's banks, whoſe ſtreams appear
To wind with eddies fond round SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
The year's firſt feath'ry ſongſters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earlieſt bloſſoms bloom.

Here FANCY ſat, her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rets freſh th' unſullied ſod,
And bath'd with tears the ſad ſepulchral mold,
Of her lov'd ſon's clay corſe the laſt abode.

Ah! what avails, ſhe cry'd, a Poet's name?
Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath
To ſnatch from dumb Oblivion others' fame?
My darling child has fall'n a prey to death!

Let

Let gentle OTWAY, white-rob'd PITY's prieſt,
From grief domeſtic teach the tear to flow,
Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impaſſion'd breaſt
With heart-felt ſighs and ſympathy of woe:

For not to theſe *his* genius was confin'd,
Nature and I each muſeful pow'r had given,
Poetic tranſports of the madding mind,
And the wing'd words that waft the ſoul to heaven;

The fiery ken of th' intellectual eye,
Piercing all objects with it's eagley view,
Which in the wide world's whole exiſtence lie;
And plaſtic thought that ſtill created new.

Whilſt I attendant thro' my magic glaſs,
Ere he portray'd, diſplay'd in airy ſhow,
Then made each image in review to paſs,
And dipt his pencil in the watry bow.

O grant with eager rapture, I reply'd,
Grant me, great goddeſs of the changeful eye,
To view each being in poetic pride,
To whom thy ſon gave immortality.

Sweet

Sweet FANCY ſmil'd, and wav'd her myſtic rod,
When ſtrait theſe viſions felt the pow'rful charm,
And one by one ſucceeded at her nod,
Like vaſſal ſprites beneath the wizard's arm.

Firſt a celeſtial form [1] (of azure hue
Whoſe mantle, bound with brede ætherial, flow'd
To the ſoft breath of ev'ry wind that blew)
Swift down the ſun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic ſway
Of an old ſage, to ſolitude reſign'd,
With fenny vapors he obſcur'd the day,
Volley'd the lightning, and unloos'd the wind.

He whirl'd the tempeſt tho' the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
And rais'd a roaring elemental war
Betwixt the ſea-green waves and azure ſky.

Then, like heav'n's mild embaſſador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult ceaſe,
Smooth'd the blue boſom of the realms above,
And huſh'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike

[1] Ariel in the Tempeſt.

Unlike to this in ſpirit or in mien
Another form [2] ſucceeded to my view,
A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in ſpleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfiniſh'd drew.

Scarce could he ſyllable the curſe he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a Witch and Devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient foreſt's bound,
The flow'ry margin [3] of a ſtrolling ſtream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by ſilver CYNTHIA's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended graſs,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the watry glaſs,
That ſmoothly ſtole along the gleamy glade.

Thro' theſe the queen TITANIA paſs'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to meet fierce OBERON her lord,
Returning victor from a rear mouſe war.

Her

[2] Caliban in the Tempeſt.
[3] Fairy-land from the Midſummer night's dream.

Her chariot was a ſnail's embroider'd ſhell,
The traces of the fineſt cobweb were,
Her canopy a cowſlip's ſpeckled bell,
Her horſes flies, a bee her charioteer.

Upon ſix gnats ſix glow-worms went before,
Upon ſix graſshoppers ſix waſps behind,
Theſe were her torch-men, thoſe her armor bore,
And gallop'd ſwifter than the eaſtern wind.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A ſtouter warrior never took the field,
His long lance was a hornet's horrid ſting,
The ſharded beetle's ſcale his ſable ſhield.

Upon an earwig mounted gallantly,
The mighty monarch rode in royal ſtate,
Nodding his horſe-hair creſt tremendouſly,
Of all the Fays the greateſt 'mong the great.

Around their king the elfin hoſt appear'd,
'Gainſt the moon's rays their helmets caſt a glare,
And their ſharp ſpears in pierceleſs phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thiſtles, glitter'd in the air.

The ſcene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
To a bleak waſte by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three ſwart ſifters [4] of the *weyward* band
Were mutt'ring curſes to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcaſs with the weight of years,
And each ſunk eye-ball from its hollow caſe
Diſtill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three ſtaves they poſted to the bourn
Of a drear iſland, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, ſhagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the murmurs of the deeps below.

In an adjacent grot remote from day,
Where ſmiling Comfort never ſhew'd her face,
Nor light e'er enter'd, ſave one rueful ray
Diſcov'ring all the terrors of the place,

They held damn'd myſt'ries with infernal ſtate,
Whilſt ghaſtly goblins grimly glided by,
The ſcritch-owl ſcream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their awful augury.



[4] The witches in Macbeth.

No human footſtep chear'd the dread abode,
Nor ſign of living creature could be found,
Save where the reptile ſnake, or ſullen toad,
With ſlimy froth had foil'd th' envenom'd ground.

Here lay the bones of ſome ill-fated wretch,
Who wand'ring from the hated haunts of men,
Lur'd by the kindred Echo's mournful ſpeech,
Came, ſaw, and dy'd within this diſmal den.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow ſound,
Each *weyward* ſiſter vaniſh'd into ſmoke.
Now a dire yell of ſpirits [5] underground
With diſcontent earth's yawning ſurface broke,

Thro' which each injur'd apparition roſe;
A murd'rer ſtarted from his regal bed;
Pale Guilt's cold breath his heart's red current froze,
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I ſeen — but now the God of day
O'er earth's broad breaſt his flood of light had ſpread,
When fickle Morpheus call'd his dreams away,
And on their wings each bright illuſion fled.



[5] Ghoſts in Macbeth, Richard the III, &c.

Yet ſtill the dear ENCHANTRESS of the brain
My waking eyes with wiſhful wand'rings ſought,
Whoſe wizard will controuls th' ideal train,
That ever reſtleſs progeny of THOUGHT.

Sweet pow'r, ſaid I, for others gild the ray
Of Wealth, or Honor's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude aſtray
To graſp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

My humbler lot let blameleſs bliſs engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious ſtrife,
Free from the muck-worm miſer's lucrous rage,
Safe in Contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Thro' Error's maze my devious footſteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reaſon impiouſly require
What heav'n has plac'd beyond it's mortal ſpan,
But teach it to ſubdue each fierce deſire,
Which wars within it's own ſmall empire man.

Teach

Teach me, what all believe, but few poſſeſs,
The learned'ſt ſcience is ourſelves to know,
The firſt of human bleſſings is to bleſs,
And he the beſt who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wiſe, and innocently great,
While Time's ſmooth ſand ſhall regularly paſs,
My deſtin'd atoms trickling courſe I'll wait,
Nor raſhly break, nor wiſh to ſtop the glaſs.

And when in death my peaceful aſhes lie,
If e'er ſome tongue congenial ſpeaks my name,
Friendſhip ſhall never bluſh to breathe a ſigh,
And great ones envy ſuch an honeſt fame.

FINIS.